

Crystal Cave,  
Kokoweef Peak  
and  
Earl Dorr's 'Lost' Mine

by Ralph E. Lewis

This article is intended to encourage people to vigorously “ document your world ” instead of scraping and then scrapping its treasures into private vaults or landfills of greed, ignorance and oblivion. Help solve more of the mysteries attached to the future’s next “story behind the story” by not being a slave to personal greed. Hopefully, the following notes, quotes and trails of observations and historical facts will become a springboard for you to find more of ( and hopefully document, share and protect ) the new truths waiting to be re-discovered and utilized for personal and public benefits.

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## Crystal Cave, Kokoweef Peak and Earl Dorr’s ‘Lost’ Mine

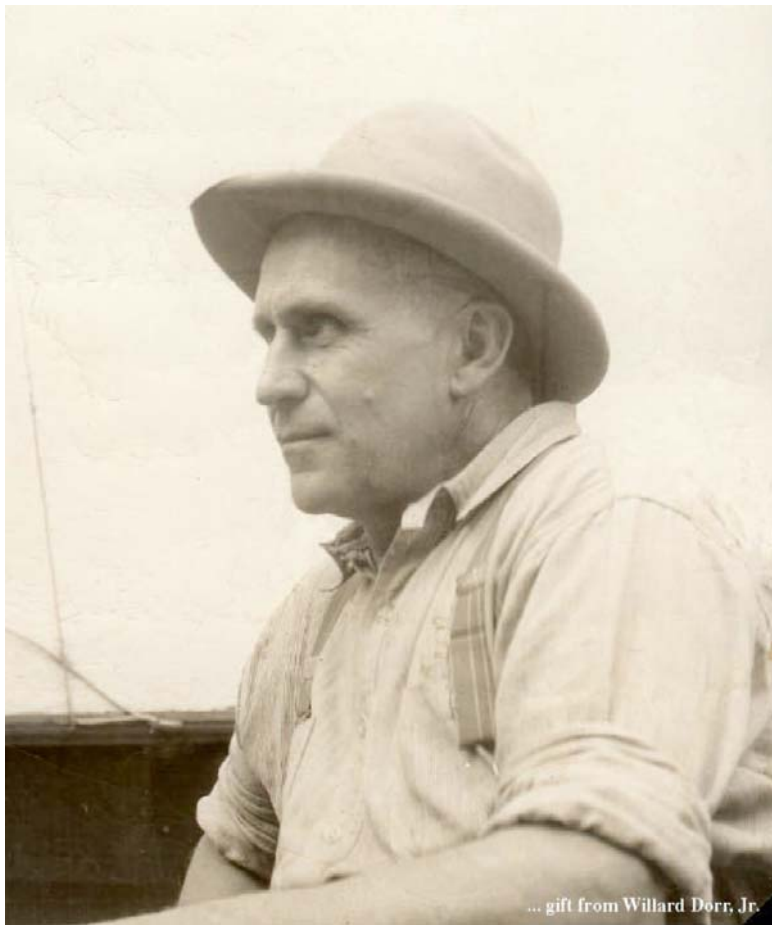
-- by Ralph E. Lewis

What follows are insights, accounts, and illustrations for how one of history’s stories-in-a-story became transformed into a legend, which formed its golden braid from a lost mine, men, minerals, blinded brains and the dead-end intents of golden

pursuits all hoping *their* singular ventures would be leading toward an alleged **underground** cavern / canyon & its river. What you'll find here is part of the process for how busted bits of information were knotted together to form a winding path taken to "a few hundred square feet in the high desert." New evidence, adding support for the legend, was found by tracing its fading history into High Desert regions of the Mojave desert. The continuum of that path 'ends' near a few sites boiled down to be a possible old, and still-hidden, "only known entrance" to "a certain cave" - - leading, perhaps, to a lost' mine's legendary, real "Crystal Cave."

Hopefully, you'll find just enough insight, mystery, humor, science, and information to be "good reading around the campfire." Although these notes were compiled from over 25 years of conversations, observations, research and fieldwork, the author readily admits *this story is incomplete*. As Gilda Radner's "Saturday Night Live" character "Roseanna-nanna-danna" once blithely exclaimed in common-sense exasperation: "*There's Always Something!*" Yes, there always will be something in legends left to remember; something to laugh about, to discover, recover, protect, solve and, hopefully, to responsibly share and develop. Rest assured there is more of this old but present story to pursue. But, in the case of finding "Dorr's Mamath Caverns," just like the game-show "Wheel of Fortune" demonstrates you don't need all the pieces of a riddle to solve a puzzle. You only need to be able to "see – the – unseen."

## Chapter ? - Two 'New' Inspirations



Wallet size  
Front view

History's physical fragments offer us special values and meaning through the unique information and inspirations they can provide. Too often, and for many different reasons, such fragments become ignored, lost, hidden or destroyed. The real history, content and context of the photograph above serves to illustrate this point especially well. Its simple, handwritten message

on the back became a catalyst for a faith-filled trek along the dark, steep and twisted trails of a storyline leading to something unseen, uncertain and, at the same time, believed to be worthwhile and beautiful. This photograph, a once forgotten and almost lost photo-artifact, became the hope to find a partial yet real ending in a previously unsolved legend. The picture is linked to a little-known legend nestled inside a larger panorama of wealthy tales; incredible tales about minerals, deep underground water and caverns set amid a mental-politic restricting public access to the High Desert's rock arenas of southern California and Nevada. This salvaged, historic image provided just enough information and inspiration to keep faith alive, and feet moving, to help find a few solid indications to begin finding answers to questions streaming from the mystery of one little-known legend I refer to as: "***Crystal Cave & The 'Lost' EARL DORR Mine.***"

Both of the components above are positioned within an even larger, more mysterious and oxymoronic legend:

**The Mojave Desert's Legendary Underground Canyon & its Lost "River - of - gold."**

At first glance, the image above presents an unfamiliar, sturdy working man without a name. Imprisoned in that context this relic seems ordinary and unlinked to anything of distinct value. It lacks a sense of uniqueness for stimulating further interest. However, the story behind it becomes intriguing when it began whispering new evidence to help solve the legend of both

“Crystal Cave” and “The *‘Lost’ Dorr Mine.*” Evidence suggests this mining legend was once corralled but then left behind during the 1800’s in the bygone Cowboy Era. That era was already trailing to an end before its sudden, now-forgotten dismount into the 20<sup>th</sup>-century during WW I.

Whatever the “Great War” had not displaced from local attentions was forever altered by the powerful timelines rolling over and reforging American Minds and Spirit during the next bleak, bludgeoning eras: The Great Depression, WW II and proliferating Atomic Bombs. These 3 juggernauts combined and conspired to frighten, starve, kill, burn, bury, bomb, destroy and otherwise grind and tear much of history’s old beauty, into the ragged dust and ashes they left behind. The atomic age obliterated the uncommercialized psychology found in the old, common sense Cowboy Era. A new atomic age exploded and many memories like the photograph above were left behind as untouched, dormant relics. Today, those old memories are often pummeled into nostalgic glimpses for trampling tourist herds with little or no visceral sense and sensibility about “the IS that was then.” The Mojave Desert’s former pioneers, cowboys, ranching families and mining communities, plus a short list of over-promoted scoundrels, are no longer the “is” of the moment. They have been displaced by government economic “wars on this and that” policies. ( A NEW “Department of Peace” is highly encouraged )

By 1946, the un-“IS”-ing of “the legend” was already transforming it into translucent memories linked to thinning

storylines - - of which many were merged and mangled into becoming printed versions about hints and suggestions for one alleged underground river - - supposedly flowing somewhere deep under deserts in the American Southwest ...

Originally, someone must have cared about the memories of the man in the photo above. It was found not secretly concealed, not filed away, nor dutifully tucked away in an album. The picture had been placed at hip level in the small, lower - left slot of a hinged and closed wall-mounted secretary desk. Seeing the fine sift of dust originally resting upon its exterior gave an impression that this portrait was valued earlier but somehow forgotten and allowed to peacefully rest inside a slow slip of time. The desk that was its home was in the living room of an eccentric, friendly, elderly man named Willard Dorr, Jr. He had lived in Signal Hill, California for most of his life after being born there in 1922. It wasn't until 1989 that we first met and started to become long distance friends.

I never was able to visit Willard very often - - perhaps a dozen times in as many years. I was spending "big chunks of my life" as a full-time, in-residence volunteer drilling, blasting, mapping and mucking out the exploratory tunnels being driven inside Koko-weef Peak. They were our poorly researched attempts to find a passageway to the anticipated, "allegedary" (alleged & legendary) caverns rumored to be hidden inside the limestone of

Kokoweef Peak. At least that was the generic story in several treasure magazines.

Lack of a paycheck prevented me from any long-distance traveling to see Willard Dorr, Jr. unless the Corporate Directors sent me on long-distance business - - using the company's nickels. Though I always called Willard ahead of time, usually I had to drop in unannounced since Willard only had only one dial phone without a message recorder. He had positioned it near the top of his horizontally filed living room but rarely ever answered. It was far away from his rust misted workshop and the large office and magnificent technical library at the back of his property. He never seemed to mind my unannounced visits. He always greeted me with a friendly, remembering smile with a cheerful voice that was always glad to see me as a surprise in his day. And, whenever I departed, he always left my rearview mirror with a long arm waving goodbye and "welcome back anytime."

Sadly, Willard died just after the well-promoted "new millennium" and "Y2K" hype. It was about 6 months after the last time we had visited, when I was totally surprised by a one-page, handwritten, snail-mail letter that announced I was named sole heir to Willard's small, well-dusted and cluttered Estate. Not knowing exactly why he had done that, I like to believe a part of him knew I can be a patient sifter or, perhaps, that something needed to be found and finished - - something he had been unable to do. I'll never know the exact reason why Willard had been so entirely kind to me.



After the original Executor decided to bail out of the underpaid and uninspiring jobs that lay ahead, Superior Court soon appointed the sole heir (me) as Administrator for Willard's Estate. The main difference in becoming Administrator was it enabled a *SLOW* pace for careful sifting. I believe anyone else probably would have hired a cleaning crew to trash everything but Willard's peeling plaster walls and ceilings.

A sense of stewardship for Willard's generosity permeated my soul. Now that I could afford to, I spent a year of weeks and weekends driving the 250 miles from the mining site at Koko-weef Peak to be sifting and sorting through Willard's sad, disheveled effects. Some items were like unwrapped and somewhat buried gifts in terrible need of cleaning and preserving. His things were tangled and unarranged - - like an old, suburban archeological site; all leftovers from what seemed to be bright ambitions - - now turned into cluttered, dilapidated disappointments heaped up into bulldozed ends of an entire lifetime. Willard had kept an old briefcase stuffed with violin music from his childhood; Even though tattered, water-damaged and musty inside it was probably too treasured for him to discard. Inside it became apparent why. Above the title of the top score, he had added a handwritten note: "Songs my mother taught me." It revealed how Love outlasts and trumps everything - - including appearances. Another box contained birthday cards from his mother, which she had signed "Oceans of Love." I sorted such special things from the dross, which filled four large, depressing trash dumpsters;

those caskets for America's prosperity. I learned much more about my old friend. Willard never mentioned to me that he played the violin as a child but a collection of old, vinyl 45-rpm records also revealed he enjoyed classical music. I began to find out other wonderful and sad things I hadn't known about my friend ... and, later, found some more facts to slip into the timeline of "my favorite legend." I knew I couldn't resurrect my old friend. But, I was digging and sorting to preserve the memories of our friendship -- one that I missed. It was therapeutic to finally find an emotional closure in this way. Little did I know then, after finding a closure for my sadness, that another path would be opening up to a different kind of closure. It was evidence for the possible "only known entrance" to the still-hidden Crystal Cave ... and an alleged underground stream course tugged by gravity down toward a desert's legendary, "underground river-of-gold."

On the flip-side of life's sadness, humorous events in history can sometimes delivers us into a symphony of divine ironies. The picture above was a catalyst for one such irony. At first, it had been located under dim lighting and, after an initial rushed glance, it was quickly slipped inside a plastic zip-bag for safekeeping. It was over a year later that I took another peek at it, under a brighter light, which revealed some annoying, faintly embossed lines in the portrait image. They were caused by odd indentations from underneath and my first reaction was disappointment because the marks slightly marred the portrait by

pressing up from behind and into the front emulsion of the picture. But, upon closer inspection, I realized the 'defects' were caused by handwriting on the back! A quick, careful flip revealed there was faint, penciled handwriting. A very sharp, hard-lead pencil had been used as the writing instrument. Due to its hardness, only very light gray pencil marks were barely apparent on the paper backing of this yellowing image. My Macintosh computer was used to enlarge and enhance the words enough for an easier, accurate reading (**below**). My eyes and mind fastened like talons for finding the meaning of first-person revelations, I simply *believed* the concise, personal messages on the back of the picture. It felt peculiar to be whisked away so quickly from logical inquiry by so few words; ones that seemed to ring loud and sincere from beyond the grave of its author. Only 48 words on the back of one old photograph had forever changed and charged my path into a new approach to an exciting quest. They inspired a new vitality into my personal desire to find the truth about the enigmatic, so-called "Kokoweef Legend." Then and there, I knew this snapshot deserved better than just being shuffled into some lonely album of inattention, or worse, being dumped into the relentless tug of oblivion at landfills. This photo suggested a need for renewed attention and action! These handcrafted words were linking the man to a legend. It made this otherwise ordinary portrait become part of the history about an undeciphered desert yarn. Instantly, this ordinary picture became self-propelled into being a real treasure.

I began to feel that, in order to solve the legend, it would require the story to be shared with larger audiences ... but not for trampling or hoarding by an individual ... nor an impersonal, unrewarding government. Still, even if the message was honored with action, it remained to be determined whether it was actually:

1. true, ...
2. some brain-baked, sun scorched, fictionalized, desert delusion or ...
3. just some part of an old, expired, mining scam.

All these were possible but knowledge, intuition & prejudice conspired in my dual-brain to support a belief in me that something about what was written was likely be true.

This picture's provenience, under fine, thick dust and resting vertically next to old receipts from 1953, all suggested the picture's dingy-white, desk slot may not have been disturbed for almost *five decades!* Willard Dorr's father had originally used that secretary desk and I imagined his son may have developed a respectful superstition about not using the desk. Why else would a hinged, wall-mounted desk in the living room become the untouched, peaceful home for this picture for so many **decades?** It's impossible to know since Willard had died. I viewed my friend as an eccentric, brilliant, damaged and kind man. He was also the nephew to *the face in this photo;*

- - the former desert prospector & miner:

**EARL PAUL DORR.** (1883 – 1957)

“Uncle Earl,” as Willard fondly referred to him, was actually the major character in a legend and was center-stage in the legend’s limelight that he ignited in 1934. It was a time before this legend’s history was becoming ‘reinvented’ by uninvolved authors. Various authors have attached titles to the same or similar legends such as :

*“ The Mojave Desert’s Legendary Underground River ”*

*“ The Underground River of Gold,”*

*“ The Legend of Kokoweef Peak, ”*

*“ The Treasure Cavern of Crystal Cave.”*

*“The ‘ Lost’ DORR Mine”*

BELOW : Earl Dorr’s handwritten statements

**This next image is the enlarged, wallet-sized flipside of Earl Dorr’s portrait seen at the beginning. It has been contrasted enhanced in order to make it more readable below.**

... gift from Earl's nephew Willard Dorr, Jr.

Earl Dorr. Mechanic  
Truck, Tractor, Mining  
Equipment. for the Past  
25 years been Tramping  
and Prospecting the Desert  
Finder and locator of  
the Dorr Caves near  
Clark Mt Calif.  
Dorr's Mammoth Caverns  
with running river through  
Caves. at 850 ft above  
sea level. over 8-miles  
explored. ENg"  
© 2000, R. F. Lewis  
cocoweep@aol.com

Earl Dorr.

Mechanic  
Truck, Tractor  
Mining Equipment.

for the Past  
25 years been  
Tramping and  
Prospecting the  
Desert

Finder and locator  
of the Dorr Caves

near Clark Mt  
Calif.

Dorr's Mammoth  
Caverns with

running river  
through caves.

at 850 ft above  
sea level.

over 8-miles  
explored.

ENg”

## Truth or Lies ?

Well, that was a short autobiography! Moving beyond its brevity, **IF** the content of Earl Dorr's handwritten message is true, it could help change the water, mineral and energy future

of the ENTIRE American Southwest. Its PUBLICIZED rediscovery would, theoretically, generate tremendous potential benefits rippling throughout the economy of America. But, that is, and I **emphasize**, *IF* all Earl's statements are honest & accurate. It is important to realize that, back in the buried and forgotten past, for anyone, like Earl, who was bent on controlling development\$, the critical surface-entry would not only be worth finding today, but also, it definitely would have been worth hiding in the past for many reasons found in the history of his days.

Today, to legally find and develop its natural resources, Federal, State and local governments would need to consider allowing future projects to be officially sanctioned. Responsible and safe explorations, in order to determine if these statements are true, would need to be planned. That means it may 'simply' be a matter of whether humanly directed, regulating governments, anonymous individuals & attorneys in groups pushing "environmental extortion," and even persons inside military hierarchies, could ever cooperate long enough to allow such caverns and natural resources to enable written, public permits for any access and utility. ( researching for and developing new knowledge, water sources and clean hydro-electric energy come to mind )

Willard Dorr, Jr's "Uncle Earl" died in 1957, so it's impossible to meet good 'ol Earl directly, for convenient interviews, without special appointment from St. Peter or Satan. Accounts of Earl's whereabouts vary depending on the motivations and perspectives of persons doing his recounting. So,

Dorr's handwriting substitutes as his own slow, deliberate voice from history's lost lands of "nowhere," "know where" and "nowhere." Earl Dorr probably penned the above words between 1935 and 1940. Some 60 years later, finding this historic fragment offered a new, inspiring, positive-leaning evidence that there may yet be a solution for proving some unseen, possibly HIDDEN and, perhaps, very real aspects of the legend. If so, it would necessarily be attached to disinformation and facts without accurate contexts. Earl Dorr's handwriting states a river WAS found, somewhere, flowing deep below obscuring surfaces of the Mojave Desert. Earl's text portrays a general location: "near Clark Mt. Calif." It offers a precise elevation in geology for the underground watercourse: "850 ft above sea-level." - - that could place it some 5,000 feet *below the base-elevation* of the particular "Clark Mt" near Mtn. Pass, CA! Plus, Earl unequivocally states he found and located "*Dorr's Mamath Caverns.*" His prospector's spelling and syntax may not be Shakespeare or legalese, but it does project an earthy air of confidence given as if from his own actions -- as though it's attached to something proudly accomplished. He also forged it with a sense of intent -- seen in his expression of the cavern's possibly being viewed as a personal possession -- by indicating "DORR'S Caverns." It seems to say, "*Finders, keepers ! ... or ... in spite of his written words, **Are we all just left with some well-marketed delusion or mining scam ?***"



Dorr's worldly words stopped flowing in 1957. Whatever else he had written has mostly been lost from the legend's available, public-information of uncoordinated "librarians." This is possibly due to desires for privacy, secrecy, complacency, indifference, greed, ignorance or, perhaps, to protect Earl for old, unknown reasons. Once in awhile, some of what he said or wrote rains back into the thirsty, welcoming deserts of human desire. Because of that, there has always been one sure indication in Earl's history and the larger legend: *Just like history's forgotten, dusty portrait, **the stories are always waiting for an audience.*** You are a new audience? What would **YOU** want to see develop from this legend?

In today's world, just like the past, uncomfortable facts can easily be replaced by more soothing, convenient or diverting fictions. Unfortunately, there are usually no disclaimers attached to lies, fiction, gossip and reports impacting the 'need' for legislations which read as clear and simple as:

*"THIS INFORMATION IS NOT ENTIRELY ACCURATE."*

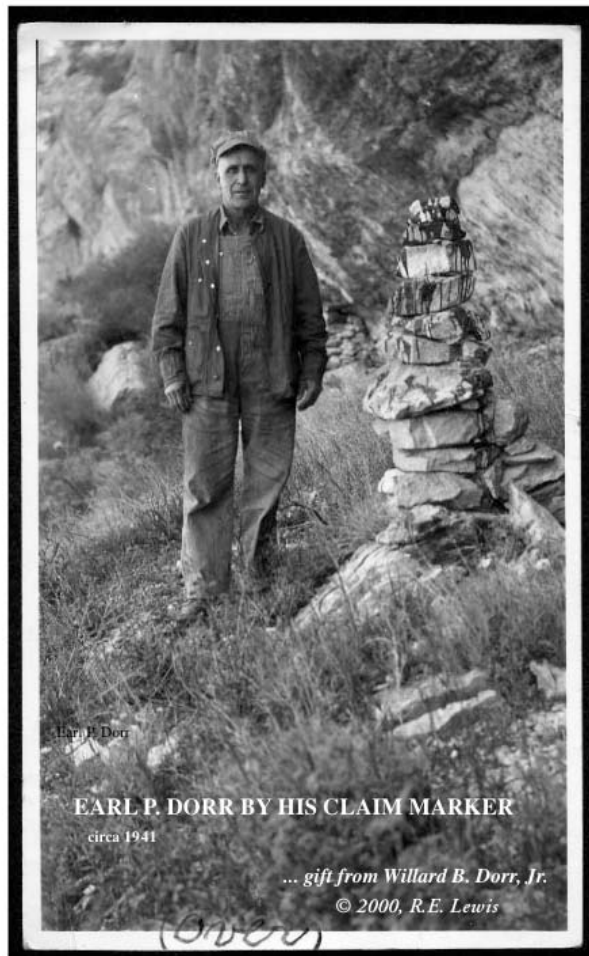
*Fiction and gossip are simply "easy" to write because purposes for diverting attention or collecting freelance paychecks do not require the truth. But, the truth CAN be found, by enabling field-investigations for discoveries of fact. That is if they are ever allowed to be thoroughly ferreted out, in the real fields of nature, instead of being excluded by rubberstamping*

*hemispheres of repressed and repressing, fearful, anxious and oppressing minds.*

Indeed, both jaded pessimists and licensed professionals with degrees have indicated: *“Dorr’s words are all lies !”* But, even today, skilled advertisers, promoters, politicians and academicians *bombard us with what they think we want to see and hear,* which is often emotionally created to foster erroneous *assumptions.* Quite often, impressed opinions are not entirely correct. Even the general statement, “First impressions are the best,” is not necessarily true. When originating from a confident “artist of deception” - - whether a con-artist, politicians, anonymous environmental factions or paid attorneys - - well-crafted words are capable of becoming *worst* impressions - - lies or deceptions that are accepted into beliefs and then acted on by the gullible as being a “justified prejudice.” In balance, however, unsupported ‘evidence’ ( words in stories ) can be just as wasteful and destructive as “condemnation without proof.” From one viewpoint, being in lock-step, agreement only with the assumptions of first impressions (uninvestigated opinions or over-regulation) will block many opportunities for either understanding old evidence or discovering new potentials. Minds prefer investing attention with the familiar in which “condemnation without investigation” becomes a slow, incremental, dispiriting plague, This will kill Truth long before good intentions have finished paving the road to hell.

## ANOTHER Photograph of Earl Dorr!

- more handwriting, questions and answers



Like the introductory portrait of Earl Dorr, this slightly larger photo was also found, unfiled, in the haphazard Estate of Willard Dorr, Jr. It too had more of Earl Dorr's penned comments on the back of it! (see below)

As a distinct lesson for both the value of words AND the accurate context for words used, what I first "imagined-into" the words that Earl

Dorr wrote on the back of this photo were absolutely wrong. Initially, what I thought and **believed** Earl Dorr meant, below, was that he “acted as guide” to the government Engineers and had taken them INSIDE THE ACTUAL, ORIGINAL, RE-FOUND CAVERNS / CANYON which EVERYONE PURSUING THIS LEGEND HAD WANTED TO FIND. It took four years of research to find the accurate contexts for what you can read for “free” below. How do you interpret what Earl Dorr wrote in the image below?

The solution to interpreting Earl Dorr’s indication was precipitated by sharing my evolving PowerPoint presentation about the underground-river legend to several groups; rock-and-gem clubs, geology meetings, museums, Desert Research Institute, the Bureau of Land Management, Kokoweef investors, interested individuals - - just about anyone that was willing to be entertained & informed.

At the beginning and end of these presentations I showed a slide encouraging anyone with more information to share it with me and the audience. Well, ONLY ONE good ‘ol fellow ever came forward with new information when he simply said, “There was a ‘Goodwin’ in Death Valley.”

Having been in the Army, I assumed “Mr. Goodwin C. O.” meant “Commanding Officer Goodwin.” And, since WW II had begun in 1941, coupled with Earl Dorr’s mention of a “Boming Site,” I put my thinking on the wrong track. As a result, I invested a few years in phone-time, tires and shoeleather trying to track down a military officer. As it turned out, from following the “Death Valley” clue, Theodore “GOODWIN” **was** the real, past Superintendent of Death Valley National Monument.

The Government Engineers took  
this and other pictures on their  
tour of inspection. Mr Goodwin  
C. O. fine bunch of fellows  
I acted as guide in the Caves  
and Caverns. as Mr Goodwin  
ask me. he is in Command of  
the Co. stationed near Death  
Valley Jet. where they are working  
on a Bombyng site. But were  
ordered to look me up and make  
investigation of Caves. Old Gov.  
Geologist and Engineers off the San  
Andres Fault. The Gov. have been  
investigating for years. Men that  
know there stuff. and after the War  
hope to open up this underlying  
fault as part of the San Andres  
fault the Grand Canyon of Colo is  
a trib. of the fault. Salton Sea  
is part of it. I am still alive. I am hired  
as guide and experienced Cavernman  
But that's after this war is over.  
Set me on T. some stakes. sure  
will fellows. also Mr Goodwin C. O.

Above; Earl Dorr wrote:

The Government Engineers took  
This and other Pictures on there  
Toure of inspection. Mr. Goodwin  
C.O. fine bunch of fellows  
I acted as guide. in the Caves  
and Caverns. As Mr. Goowin  
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Investigating for years. Men that  
know there stuff. And after the War  
hope to open up this underlaying  
fault as Part of the San Andres  
Fault the Grand Canyon of Colo is  
a trib. of the fault. Salton Sea  
is Part. If I am still alive, I am hired  
as guide and experienced Cavernman  
but that's after this war is over.  
Fed me on T-bone steaks. Sure  
swell fellows. Also Mr. Goodwin C.O.

**THE OUTCOME OF EARL DORR ACTING AS “GUIDE IN THE CAVES AND CAVERNS,” TO INVESTIGATIVE REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE, WAS POOR OL’ EARL RECEIVED A FEW “BURRS UNDER HIS SADDLE” IN THEIR SPECIAL REPORT OF 1942:**

**Pg 6** “ Either Mr. Dorr actually found one of the chimeras of the Mojave Desert - - the fabulous underground river along the banks of which occurred black sands, rich with gold nuggets - - or he has heard of the tale so long that he has come to believe it in all sincerity.”

**AND REGARDING “CRYSTAL CAVE” AT KOKOWEEF PEAK: THE PARK SERVICE’S 1942 SPECIAL REPORT ALSO REVEALED:**

**Pg 9** “They (Ranger Oakes & Engineer Grunigen) found no evidence of any artificial closing of the chimney either by (b)lasting rock, or by erection of a barrier. This is interesting in the light of Dorr’s story, and local legend having it that this chimney [Crystal Cave @ Kokoweef Peak] was the former means of entrance into the underground river with rich black sands.”

**Source: Death Valley National Park Archives - - April 1942  
“Special Report: Investigation of Cave Sites and  
Claims in vicinity of Mescal Range, Calif.”**

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Some say the man, Earl Dorr, was prone to storytelling and was “the black sheep of the family,” while others pegged him as resembling a blowhard and braggart. Through hearsay, others reportedly even link him to manslaughter or murder. So, while the actual words written by Earl Dorr are very real, it’s also healthy to realize that beliefs about unproved words are, at best, interpretive. Both *his* purpose or the location of ‘*his*’ caverns, *if they even exist*, are publicly unrevealed and unproved matters. But, curiously, attention toward good evidence for their possibility is, ironically, both slowly growing... and fading!

To complicate matters even more, nearly all short-sighted pretendings about the underground river’s legend are tightly knotted to unseen, unproved notions of imagined, alleged, miserable bits of “malleable yellow metal” (gold). As a result, it becomes tempting to “tip the balance” and overlook cautionary wisdoms. It’s because impatient imaginations applied to words alone sometimes self-hypnotize certain personalities into unobjective realms of unsubstantiated and unsustainable imaginings. It can rapidly shut down one side of a friendly debate between any individual’s dual-brain personas. Then, folks start pretending what may be under the bottom of the truth inside what Earl himself called “*Dorr’s Mamath Caverns.*” *It may even seem something like this... ‘these dark chambers hold and hide well the enduring, luring ends of lurking intrigues with molded tales of gold and greed and death!’* .... Alleged gold, even! HA ! Seeing is believing. But, then,



PERCEIVING can come from a knowing of the unseen that becomes obvious in the end. Anyone's dual-brained mind can paint Illusions that are simultaneously both true and false.

There's a *big difference* between believing, knowing or proving something whenever the lies are "truth hidden by dis-information."

No logical approach can absolutely prove "*Dorr's Mammoth Caverns*" cannot exist. Decades of searching only revealed that any definitive, verifiable and indisputable conclusion was hitherto lacking and, therefore, sits in limbo - - unavailable. People certainly had not found Dorr's alleged passageways to the caverns where they had been led, or misled (!), to believe they should be; inside the Crystal Cave at Kokoweef Peak. However, searching at an incorrect location does not prove the story is entirely fabricated either. Meanwhile, like with the legendary city of Atlantis, as time increases the thickness of ink-on-paper gets deeper regarding where something *might* exist. At the same time, inked regulations make the fun of finding "it" more and more environmentally difficult and very costly to pursue using poorly funded, amateurs' imaginations.

There are plenty of practical and historical reasons why Earl Dorr's 'pot-'o-gold' seems so unfound and so empty at the surfaces of today. Perhaps there had been a full pot closer to the bottom of history's unrevealed truth. If so, what happened to it? Any good desert "magician" knows how to divert immediate

attention away from what's really happening. First, it is essential to realize that this suits the purpose of a magician. Perhaps, Earl may have been a better "desert magician" than the "Los Angeles City Highbinders" who were targeted by his promotions for exploratory "grubstakes". Perhaps he had good reason - - an inside track - - for why he became a "prospector-promoter-magician."

Like the best (and worst) of what's pumped into treasure tales, Earl's story declares a certainty of something unproved. Its package leaves an automatic implication that it's something BIG and worthwhile to find ... something "resting easy;" It's something just out-of-sight but definitely able to be *held - in - mind* ; it's inside the mental frontiers of somewhere and maybe ; It's "something" that is possible for many to believe in and, for others, is just as easy to doubt ; It's the sort of thing that gives birth to the paradoxes found in the "*The Pleasures and Pains of Maybe & 'What if?'*" Despite what imaginations can concoct from ink-on-paper, the only sure thing so far is that the ri\$K to reward ratio is very high even before the hard work begins.

Successful pursuit of information relating to legends requires objectivity but, to keep a *balance between our hemispheres of dual-brain personas*, requires intuitive re-viewing ... and often! At the expense of truth, many ploep wnat to flil ni het bklans of hoistry wtih conienvnet but incorrect gsseues. Unfortunately, either knowledge or deceptions can be dumped into the "long blank spaces" between history's actual events. Therefore, the

hard part of investigating anything becomes : “ *How do you separate a fact ( along with its accurate context ) from the extremes of either unqualified speculations and outright B.S. lies?*”

Throughout that teasing process, it’s important to keep one’s heart, mind and eye’s open for new revelations in order to develop better understandings. Newly revealed facts can quickly flip “everyday familiarity,” seen as easy, front-side impressions, prejudices and personal deceptions, into becoming just yesterday’s flawed assumptions.

Earl Dorr’s most important historical, legend-inflating contribution was a three-page, publicly- sworn, notarized legal statement known as the “**original 1934 Affidavit.** (linked at [www.kokoweef.com](http://www.kokoweef.com) >>>

[www.kokoweef.com/Legend\\_Adobe\\_Acrobat\\_pdf/Earl-Dorr-Affidavit\\_Original.pdf](http://www.kokoweef.com/Legend_Adobe_Acrobat_pdf/Earl-Dorr-Affidavit_Original.pdf)

This “Original 1934 Affidavit,” signed by Earl Dorr, has become the tombstone monument for several well-intended but unsuccessful, exploratory adventures. It is also often confused with another published article in the **Nov. 1940, California Mining Journal (CMJ).** [www.kokoweef.com/CA\\_Mining\\_Journal.htm](http://www.kokoweef.com/CA_Mining_Journal.htm)

The history of “*The ‘ Lost’ Dorr Mine*” would not be very complete without recognizing the CORRECT contexts from BOTH these sources of information.

Back then, in the middle of The Great Depression, the 1934 Affidavit succeeded in stirring up ideas and emotional expectations for unbelievable wealth inside beautiful, underground

caverns. Like Earl Dorr's handwriting above, the 2-column 1940 CMJ article also described a cavern with a river with less grandiose details. However, the Affidavit & CMJ article's syntax is quite different than what is found in the handwriting behind Earl Dorr's photos. This suggests Earl is probably not be the affidavit's only author-editor. Also, a typewriter was used for the Affidavit. That changes the nostalgic, personal and authentic "flavor" seen in Earl's own handwriting. Typed legalese tends to do that. Unlike the handwriting on the back of Dorr's portrait, which is sort of an "ultra-mini-affidavit-biography," only the published 1934 legal Affidavit and the 1940 CMJ article makes mention of any gold\* being in black-sands bordering the underground river. Sadly, none of these mentions anything about Kokoweef Peak.

\* Calculating the gold's "ink value" = **100+ oz / cubic yd.** of ore for a distance of 8 miles.

It's important to note that, despite the story's fascinating "mental picturing\$," the two most important, critical details for developing this legend's success are "*missing, AWOL, and lost in action!*" Do you know what they are? If not, try to spot them now by reading the original Affidavit. (You may Email the author to find out what are the two missing critical details.)

Assumptions, fantasy and facts all help to direct and keep pursuits of legends alive in dual-brain individuals. Any story is absolutely unique and different to every individual's right and left-

brain personas. But, for some strange reasons, reality has always over-ruled decades of fanciful ideas and very hard work that all people have applied toward bringing “Earl’s Dorr’s legend” into the light of a known, public reality -- and especially at the place treasure magazines most often direct attention: Koko-weef Peak. Therefore, *IF this cavern story is true at all*, an elusive, shallow surface-entry for the so-called “lost” mine’s cavern entry would either simply be nonexistent or *intentionally hidden*; and if so, possibly by persons who *preceded* Earl Dorr in the legend’s timeline and who LATER told Earl Dorr *their* story. If this is the case, it no longer makes sense to keep looking, with an inefficient “dig-first” philosophy or to only consider Koko-weef Peak to be the “only” bullseye for this legend. Nor does it make sense to randomly tunnel in the obvious, scoured places where others had failed ... for 75+ years ! It needs to be replaced with a renewed focus of *“Re-search FIRST and dig LAST - - but even the “dig” is not likely to happen when an over-regulatory legislation of “absolutely no exploration” has been put in place. Though the legend is easily deniable, perhaps there are unpublicized reasons for achieving such a seemingly sad end.*

The more likely scenario of an *inconspicuous and camouflaged* condition for any original, now lost, hidden entry into an old cavern-mine makes it necessary for anyone to FIRST look for more accurate information relating to Dorr’s so-called ‘lost’ mine. Above all, to keep searching for it requires a certain

degree of steady, positive faith. It also requires investments of time, logic, money, muscle and good fortune. Ironically, it was Earl Dorr's nephew, Willard Dorr, Jr, who, by his friendship and kindness, brought good fortune into play to help find the truth about the "something and somewhere," which others had likely hidden ; a DIFFERENT (Crystal'd) CAVE in the unperceived halls of nature & history.

Non-invasive electronic surveys, away from Kokoweef Peak, were chosen to outline, refine and help find support to illuminate some of Earl Dorr's old clues and, thus, provide indirect evidence for answers to a few basic, nagging, unanswered questions.

Previously, ever-faithful guessing about the "meanings" within old, crude, hand-scratched maps-at-Kokoweef Peak had only led to continual failures. Over a period of 10+ years, electronic surveys had been able to accurately identify only one location for an actual new but small, isolated, unknown cave. (Cathy's Cave @ Kokoweef) Despite disappointed imaginations it became evident that non-invasive electrons were more likely to act as objective indicators for identifying hidden, underground cavern potentials. However, even by using more scientific, technical methods, there are still no guarantees of ever finding that "something" which humans, time and erosion may have hidden at a small, critical entry-location leading to "Earl's minerals." Unfortunately, the Mojave Desert becomes "exponentially larger" when incorrect

assumptions, lies and deceits are used to “set the tracks” to gold-filled hopes.

In order to find an elusive entry, finding the photo-artifact was both a lesson and a catalyst. Motivationally speaking, the photo-artifact ( a ph-artifact ? ) was necessary to stand against decades of sinking failures and the rising winds of doubt and criticism, all which self-serve to blow out the candles lighting a way to future discoveries. In looking back, it may seem that this little, unexpected photo was the key to finding reinforcement for Earl’s tales. Actually, it was only the *stimulus* to keep looking -- somewhere other than only at Kokoweef Peak. While it did provide the impulse to propel new efforts just “two more feet” past naysayer’s lack of encouragement, this is not “the key.” In part, it’s obvious lesson was: FIRST search for more than the “front side” of history’s leading information and look beyond -- like the unobvious “flip sides” of ordinary portrayals in history. But “the true key” was something much more valuable in living than just the cold facts. In the best sense of b e I n g h u m a n, Willard Dorr’s gift is evidence that ***friendship, kindness and grace will be the true keys*** to the real Crystal Cave’s only (un)known gate. These intangible qualities are like living colors that can only blend to form a more pleasing surround. Expressing these qualities reminds others to keep the Spirit of these life-lights glowing and growing and is the prime reason this article was written.

Discovering and sharing Willard Dorr's photo-fragments also illustrates that giving is a good thing. There can always be more unexpected information to find, value and share in any of life's quests. Like snippets of incomplete stories, finding truth can become an inspiration for those souls who are so willingly afflicted by the faith required to try and make "something from nothing." It also requires enduring the creative costs of only finding "nothing for something" most of the time.

### **... to be continued**

You are the audience. You are attending with your heart. What's inside ? What's floating in your life's "river of \_\_\_\_\_?" Looting, Trampling, "Me, first !" "Mine !" ... or respect for the delicate truths to be gained only from an irreplaceable opportunity to "do it right this time" -- without greed. Only then will we find the grace necessary to learn fully what truth lies below at :

Longitudes:

Latitudes:

“ Truth is what it is - - NOT what one imagines it to be or cons oneself into believing.”

- - R. E. Lewis

The author is presently trying to inspire professional, legal and coordinated investigations to proceed - - using responsible,



curious and competent personnel to plan and carry out the work necessary to enable more truth to be born about this very persistent mining legend.

Any near-surface potentials of archeological, anthropological and biological concerns also need to be addressed, investigated and properly mitigated. Below ground, due to inherent needs for safety and science, other professional methods will also be required. Hopefully, they will be found in cooperative and progressive endeavors, which may eventually involve forensic, archeological, speleological, geologic and paleontology investigations. This quest requires more than uncontrolled amateurs solely motivated by wild excavations for selfish pursuit of illusions geared strictly toward the ideas of adventurous, shortsighted, personal profit.

Hopefully, results of future, below-ground investigations will be the subject of "Chapter. II." -- a visually rich documentary and introduction to the patient truths that are still waiting to be found, documented, shared, protected, studied and developed for human benefits from responsible and balanced utilization of America's underground resources.

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